

# Maine Farmer

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AGRICULTURE MECHANIC ARTS LITERATURE NEWS, ETC.

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No. 43.

## Maine Farmer.

What have our growers to say this year of the new Japanese plums?

"I cut more this year than ever before on the farm," is the expression frequently heard from the farmers.

Corn is forging along toward ripeness at a rapid rate this hot weather. The growth is immense, both of stalks and ears.

It is now claimed that the corn crop of the country has been cut down one million bushels by the widely prevailing drought. We venture the guess, however, that the claim will prove in a measure overdrawn, and that finally the country will harvest more than is now estimated.

The report of the number of hogs in the country on April 1, indicated a shortage that has not been equalled since 1888. This, with the high price of corn, may send the price up on the crop now fattening. At any rate they should now be pushed as rapidly as good feed and attractive care can do it, and meanwhile keep close watch of the market.

Sweet corn in our garden of the Crosby variety, planted June 20 for late use, is in a date, Aug. 15, in full silk and blossom, and with ears well along in growth. It is but two weeks earlier than planted to hasten its work in order to make up any shortage of the season occasioned by unreasonable late planting. We have noted this many times in a season of plantings of the same kind of seed.

And now a professor states that they have experimented again and again at the Wisconsin Station in offering both corn and clover stalks to hogs, and always with negative results. Of course the hogs will eat the ears of corn from the silo, he says, but he was unable to get them to eat the stalk or leaves to any extent. Nor can he see how hogs can ever live on cornstalks, judging from the way they treat the green stalks when offered to them in summer time.

Good for our West! Over twenty years ago the Illinois legislature took cognizance of fair-ground evils, and its action at that time has been a standing law ever since. Encouragement is provided county fairs to the extent of \$100 per annum to each county society, provided, "that no warrants shall be drawn in favor of any agricultural society until the president and treasurer file an affidavit with the State board of agriculture that no wheel of fortune or gambling device was allowed on the grounds."

We do not know who in Maine reports for the New England weather-crop bulletin, but when in reporting the apple crop of this State the bulletin states, "it is considered that there are plenty of most trees," the public are misinformed. The Farmer's special report two weeks ago gave the standing of the crop reliably and direct from the growers. Since that time we have driven through three of the best apple-producing towns in this country without finding a single tree on the line of the road that had even a half a crop on it. Most of the trees were entirely barren. A run through the largest fruit grower's orchard in Androscoggin county, found scarcely any apples on the trees, save some of the early varieties. In another large orchard in the town of Turner, only here and there a specimen could be found. The large orchards in the celebrated orchard town of Greene are nearly barren of fruit. There are, however, some limited areas where a moderate crop of winter apples is assured.

### SCIENCE VS. THE FIELD.

We have just dug a basket of as fine potatoes as we ever saw brought from the field. The yield, too, was as bountiful as the specimens were perfect. They were grown on a plot of run out sod land plowed and manured for the growing of early vegetables for home use. Scientific investigators have examined the potato crop and have found a given number of pounds of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash represented in a specified acreable production. As compared with other farm crops the proportion of potash is found to be larger than is found with most other of the common farm crops. We are taught, therefore, that the proportion found of the manurial ingredients named is the proportion called for in the making of a crop, and that other things being equal the crop will be large or small according as the combined amount of the substance named is applied, up to the natural limit of production of this vegetable. So a special commercial manure for potatoes is made up with its larger contents of potash to meet the special needs of this crop. Under this theory the potash available is the measure of the crop. This all looks well on paper, but what does the crop say about it?

We have found in recent experience that the best crops of potatoes are grown with manures specially rich in nitrogen

ous material rather than in potash. In the case of the plot on which the potatoes above referred to were grown, it was liberally manured with a stable manure well known as rich in nitrogen, and, later, the application was doubled. It is well known that the early varieties of this vegetable "how raised" make a large crop of fine tubers this growth must be both vigorous and rapid. In order to make such growth they must be manured with a manure specially adapted to force this rapid development. Every one knows that nitrogen in its different forms is the element of manures that specially promotes plant—that is, leaf and stock development. A heavy crop of tubers cannot be realized without first this prompt and rapid development of the vines. Hence a bountiful supply of available nitrogen must at all times during growth be within reach of these growing vines. This supply must be more than the chemist's examination of the crop calls for, for the reason that the full measure of applied fertilizer ingredients are never realized in the crop, and for the additional reason that the foliage growth must be forced. Hence the necessity of a manure freighted with more than the chemist's balance of nitrogen in order to produce a bountiful crop of tubers. Hence our fine crop from manure rich in nitrogen.

We are aware that our claim that potatoes call for more nitrogen than the standard rather than an increase of potash is not in accord with the latest teaching. Still, if such is the testimony of the soil, it must be accepted. May it not be that after all, when science attempts to measure the wants of a plant or crop it undertakes too much? We incline to the opinion that farmers are becoming inclined to depend too much on the scientist for their knowledge of their business. The testimony of the soil should be studied. This is only another name for experiment. Practice with science is still called for to bring our work to the most successful results.

### STATE FAIR ENTRIES.

The entry books of the secretary of the State Fair are a reliable exhibit in advance of the extent and character of the exhibition to follow. The entries are now all in and posted, and show that the exhibition, as usual, will be full in all its departments. There are no weak places. Pure bred cattle will be in larger numbers than ever, the entries numbering over 400, and grades 57. Of horses there are 325 entries, poultry 400. Sheep are to be shown in large numbers, and of all the popular breeds, the entries numbering 90. Swine have 20 entries. Oxen, steers and fat stock number more than for many years. If there are but few steers at large for the butchers, plenty of them are found for the State Fair. A large, new stable has been built for the further accommodation of the horses.

At the Hall on the grounds everything is alike promising. The entire power of the engine is to be required for the running of the machinery. This will fill all available space on the lower floor, and will be one of the most interesting and attractive features of the entire exhibition. The down-town Hall will be more attractive than ever before, and no one attending the fair should fail to see it. To all this is to be added the Myrtle Peak Equestrian performance each afternoon, given on the track in front of the grand stand, and itself enough alone to pay well for the cost of admission to the grounds. It is surprising that the Trustees this year of general depression of business have succeeded in awakening so wide an interest and drawing together so general and varied an exhibit. It goes to show what can be accomplished when men put themselves into it.

The Trustees have everything now fully ready for the opening. Superintendent Bates already has the park throughout cleaned up and put in apple order. Secretary Twitchell had his entries all posted a week in advance of the opening, the books all ready to pass over to the judges and the show cards filled out, filed in order, and all ready for exhibition on arrival. Never before was the work of this department in such readiness. Secretary Twitchell is proving an efficient officer in this important position.

Evening meetings are to be held as usual at the Park. Tuesday evening the State Board of Agriculture has the time, Wednesday evening the State Grange, and Thursday evening the State Pomological Society. These meetings are to be held in a large tent provided expressly for the purpose, the former quarters in the Hall being this year called into use for the additional machinery to be in operation.

Hotel Swan, near the Park entrance, is to be open this year. It has been leased to Mr. Murray, the well known Maine Central caterer of Waterville, from whom no man knows better how to get up a good dinner, or how better to serve it. The dining room has been plastered and put in neat and attractive order. There are thousands of people at such a fair who want a respectable and comfortable place, with a good dinner, well served,

and room enough to eat it. Mr. Murray is under written contract to do this very thing, and besides he knows what people want and what they ought to have. There was wide complaint last year over the mealing accommodations, and the Trustees have made this arrangement that all who want a first class service can be provided with it.

Thus nothing has been omitted to make this the model exhibition and the model management of New England.

### ON OUR TABLE.

The busy season of haying and the grain harvest leaves little opportunity for reading and reviews, so that we find now that work is over a pile of neglected books and pamphlets on our table claiming attention.

First is the *Annual Report of the Directors of the Maine Experiment Station* for the year 1893, by Prof. W. H. Jordan. This is a book of 185 pages, containing a record in detail of the experiments carried on in each department of the station and all supplemented with that important feature of index, which enables a busy worker to turn promptly to whatever may be in it. The report is full of just such matter as every intelligent farmer and every student of farming is searching for. While the tendency is for scientific men to turn too exclusively to pure science, Prof. Jordan comprehends the problems of the farm and seeks to unlock their hidden mysteries to the comprehension and to the advantage of the farmer. His work is for the farmer rather than for science. The contents include investigations of the feeding power of plants for phosphoric acid, illustrated with plates of great interest; analysis of cattle foods; corn as a silage crop; feeding experiments with cows with swine; waste of fat in skimmed milk by the deep-setting process. To these are added notes by the horticulturist and the entomologist. Get the report and study it. It will aid you in your farming.

*Transactions of the State Pomological Society*, is next in order, a hundred pages of the work of this society for the year, by D. H. Knowlton, Secretary. Through its able officers this society is doing faithful work for the promotion of this important and growing industry. A report of the annual exhibition is given in detail, and all papers read at the annual winter meeting are given in full.

A *Report of the Seventh Annual Convention of the Iowa State Dairy Association* comes from Iowa through the courtesy of C. L. Gabrielson, Secretary. Iowa is getting to be a great dairy State and those who are engaged in the work are laboring earnestly to advance themselves into the front ranks. This report is a pamphlet of a hundred pages, containing the transactions for the year 1893, together with papers and discussions in full. The papers are of a high character and embody the advance knowledge of the day in this great industry.

*Connecticut Agricultural and Experimental Stations* was received from T. S. Gold, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, containing the business transactions of the board, report of commissioners on diseases of animals, the proceedings in full at the annual winter farmers' convention, and the annual reports of its State Station and the Storrs Agricultural College Station. The volume is a compendium complete of the agricultural work of the State for the year. No State in the Union has an able force of workers for the advancement of agriculture than has this little State of Connecticut, and none are doing more or better work. The frontispiece to the volume is a fine cut of the State agricultural exhibit at the World's Fair.

*Agriculture of Massachusetts* comes from the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, Wm. R. Sessions, and contains a record of the board for 1893, and also of the State experiment station. The Massachusetts Board of Agriculture is made up of men devoted to the interest in charge and doing faithful work in its behalf. This volume is more than a "report," as the term is usually understood. It is a record of the advance knowledge of the day, relating to the agricultural affairs of the State and to methods and practices of the farm, and is a book to be read by every one seeking the means and the methods through which his farming can be made more successful.

*Greenhouse Construction* is a complete manual on the building, heating and ventilating of greenhouses and the construction of hotbeds, frames and plant pits, by L. R. Traft, professor of horticulture at the Michigan Agricultural College, and published by the Orange Judd Company, New York. The immense quantities of vegetables and flowers now grown under glass for the winter markets of the large cities has given a great impulse to the building of forcing houses and beds and many improvements have been made in their construction. These are fully described and illustrated in this timely volume.

### THE WILD CARROT.

That unsightly weed, the wild carrot, which was introduced into Maine fields through grass seeds from outside the

State, is not making that progress that was feared would be the case on its first appearance among us. Nevertheless, it is an unsightly and undesirable weed, indicative of neglect and carelessness on the part of the land owner wherever it is left unmolested. This weed proves not to be a bad weed to keep the mastery over, or to exterminate entirely where one is determined to do it. It is a biennial, seeding the second year of its growth. Hence, wherever it is now seen in the field or by the roadside, with its seed-stalk and tuft of white blossoms, it is in its second and last year of life. Hence, if the stalk be not allowed to bear seed, it will be the end in so far as that plant and its future propagation is concerned. The life of the plant goes out with the seed-bearing year, so one has only to prevent its bearing seed to end the succession. This is easily done in open fields and elsewhere, save in the tangled hedge rows, that no neat farmer has any business to allow, by the roadside. All that is called for is to destroy every seed bearing head that appears in view. In the fields, with its first appearance, this sweeping destruction will be the end. By the roadside, if it has been before carelessly allowed to cast its seed, two years of warfare will be needed. It has been our experience that the seed does not hold its power of germination indefinitely in the earth, like many of the weed pests. If one does not want the weed on his premises, now is the time to destroy it.

### DO EXCESSIVE RAINS HARM POLLENATION?

To your note of July 27, inquiring as to the failure of the grape crop in this region (Southern New Jersey) this season, I regret to reply that in those sorts here most generally grown (the Concord and the Ives) failure of crop will reach perhaps three-fourths of what might be regarded an average yield. In vineyards, trellised on single wire, the above named vines, and especially "Pearson's Ironclad," of which I have planted many, will not give one-fourth of the crop they have given annually hitherto. Clusters of fruit are very few and imperfect, and many hundreds of vines do not carry even a single grape.

You ask: To what do I attribute this failure of crop?

To the occurrence of profuse rains at the critical time in the blossoming of these sorts of grapes.

In support of this theory (which is merely a theory), I mention sundry observations which seem to render it plausible.

For example, at the date when my Ironclad vines were coming into full bloom (this variety is earlier in flower than any other, and berries fully formed before the Concord or Ives blooms), there were four days of nearly continuous rain, during which fell twelve and a half inches of water.

The failure of the Ironclad to fructify is nearly total. Some of the vines bear a few scattering berries, but most of them are entirely bare of fruit.

Similar conditions prevailed during the blossoming of the Concord and Ives. Frequent drenching showers, day and night, for several days; the vine blossoms, through the time when opening or opened, constantly dripping with rain water, and the bees all staying at home.

A Concord vine, trained along the side of my stable and sheltered by the eaves, is fruitful as usual, loaded with fine clusters of grapes. Another Concord, on a wire trellis, about twenty feet distant and fully exposed to rain, bears no fruit.

Another Concord, one lateral of which climbs through the branches of a pear tree, while the other lateral is on an exposed wire; that which was sheltered by the foliage of the tree is full of grapes, that which is on the wire has no grapes.

Several Rogers vines, trellised along the tree rows in my pear orchard, show a like capriciousness of fruiting; the vines exposed along the wire have no grapes, portions of these vines, climbed in the pear trees, are full of fruit.

An Ives, near my dwelling house, and overshadowed by a spreading maple tree, is loaded with perfect clusters, and it is the only Ives vine, of some thousands in its vicinity, carrying over a fourth of a crop.

Other varieties of the grape, growing in my vineyards, show puzzling variations in fruitfulness.

The Catawba is full of good bunches. The Elvira and Noah are fruitful as usual, carrying a full crop. Herbemont, also Norton, our latest to bloom (after the reign of Jupiter Pluvius was done), has a full show of perfect clusters, Cynthiana also. Martha has a fair crop. Rupestris has nothing. Worden nothing. Pocklington nothing. Moore's Early nothing. Delaware no crop. Berkmann's a good crop.

Many other varieties show these remarkable discrepancies, for which I can only account by supposing that each has some peculiar, critical time in blossoming, during which a drenching of rain may damage fructifications. If this critical time occur between showers, pollenation is affected.

In spraying profusely and frequently sundry plants when in flower, but saw no results on their fructification from such drenchings as I could administer; of course in emphatic contrast to those coming this season from the clouds.

In studying the question whether excessive rains harm pollenation, as I have done this summer of 1894, one will meet with so many puzzling examples to contradict any theory he may form, that he will finally conclude that much more extended and critical observation of the whimsicalities of Nature must be had before we can like Capt. Bunbury—"give an opinion as is an opinion."

The fruit failure in South Jersey is remarkable, extending to other fruits beside the grape; no apples, or pears, or peaches, with few exceptions to a general rule. Short crop or no crop of nearly all growths.

When The *Prairie Farmer* asks me: "To what do you attribute the causes of this failure?" I can only answer that I do not exactly know, but I guess the cause has been the unprecedented rainfall.—Alex. W. Pearson, in *Prairie Farmer*.

### THE JERSEY HERD OF W. K. VANDERBILT, IDLE HOUR FARM, LONG ISLAND.

The readers of the *Farmer* will be interested in the following notice, from the *Breeder's Gazette*, of Idle Hour Farm and herd of Jerseys at Oakdale, Long Island, the property of Wm. K. Vanderbilt:

In the course of the recent journeying of a *Gazette* editor in the East, he found himself on the magnificent Long Island estate of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt at Oakdale, which includes the Idle Hour Farm and herd of Jerseys. The estate itself need not be the subject of comment; suffice it to say it is one of the most perfect and tasteful in its appointments of all the fine country places about New York city. Skillfully and lavishly its beautification was planned and executed, and its many acres of park and trees and drives and flowers are maintained in perfect condition. A word about the Jersey herd is more to our purpose than a description of the estate. Its home is in keeping with the general equipment. The rooftery bars are built of brick and the stalls are made of ornamental gas-pipe partitions. All the floor is concrete and is kept washed clean. Ventilation is ample, and windows are fitted with blinds so that the barn may be completely darkened in the day time, thus affording the cattle relief from the annoying flies and mosquitoes in the summer. A cooler, more comfortable barn could not be imagined, even in the hottest weather. Big bright stalls afford the bulls princely accommodations. There are three bulls now in the herd, all capital stamps of the breed. The newest comer is the handsome Lord's Harry, selected by Mr. Kulaner from Hood Farm by that capable and experienced judge, Hon. Edward Burnett. The herd numbers about seventy in all, of which twenty-eight are now in milk and twenty will freshen in September. Sweet cream butter is made by the United States extractor, and entire satisfaction is expressed with the product turned out by this wonderful machine. We watched its workings with much interest and saw the butter, while some of our contemporaries were painfully silent about the extractor when it was first introduced, and certain dairy writers spread abroad with remarkable unanimity and concert of expression their opinion that the public would never, no never, accept sweet-cream butter, The *Gazette* kept its readers fully posted concerning this wizard machine, and intimated strongly the opinion that its invention solved the butter-making problem of the future. The Idle Hour dairy is under the skillful direction of Mr. J. G. A. Kulander, who was educated in agriculture and dairying in Sweden, and was later an attendant at the Wisconsin Dairy School. During 1893 twenty-three cows in milk averaged 305.18 lbs. of butter. The largest individual yield was 501.20, and five cows averaged nearly 425 lbs. for the year. With the Babcock machine Mr. Kulander keeps thoroughly informed as to the work of each cow. It goes without saying that a herd capable of such yields is composed of excellent representatives of the breed. The cows are of medium size, light fawn predominance, and in "bread-baskets," udders and veins give evidence of their capacity at the pail. Impressed with the desirability of exercising the bulls, a St. Albans "Baby" creamer was purchased, simply for this purpose, as steam supplies power for the dairy. This idea is growing in favor in dairy herds; Hood Farm is among those that have recently resorted to the tread power as the simplest, surest and safest method of exercising the bulls. Idle Hour Farm is under the general superintendence of Mr. L. L. Holladay. It must be a great source of satisfaction to the proprietor to know that the milk and butter for his family come from a herd of such rich cows, maintained with scrupulous care under perfect sanitary conditions.

Editor *Maine Farmer*: Would you kindly send me a copy of your paper containing a plan of silo? A party here is starting a silo and we have no working plan.

Yours Respectfully,  
H. E. HOLLADAY.

St. Stephen, N. B., Aug. 25.

We never have published a plan of silo. There is no need of plan. Set off a section of the barn adjoining the feeding floor. Enclose with heavy timbers stiff enough to resist any pressure, and line up on inside with double boarding and sheathing paper between, or make inside boarding with sheathing boards. The object sought is to get it air tight. Make the ground dimensions proportionate to the amount of fodder to be put up. The enclosure should be deeper rather than broad. This is all the directions needed for building a silo. There need be but trifling expense about it.

## Communications.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.

### THE FARMER OF TO-DAY.

(Essay read at the last meeting of Somerset Pomona by Brother Sally.)

The subject which we have chosen as the basis from which to draw a few thoughts is one that touches each one of us as tillers of the soil. Webster in his unabridged dictionary gives several definitions of the word farmer, as a tenant, one who pays taxes, customs, excise, a husbandman, etc. In what we may say to-day we use the word farmer as synonymous with husbandman, a term so familiar to every patron of our order. It cannot be said to-day as truthfully as it has been said in the decades past that the farmer is a man of no great intelligence and unfit to enjoy the society of our more refined cousins of the town or city. Epithets have been heaped upon the tiller of the soil owing to his want of education and elegance of manners in the drawing room. The line which has separated in the past between the husbandman and family, and those of the town or city of later years, have been growing less and will grow less in the future as the leveling process of education advances in the rural districts and in town alike.

But to understand the case more perfectly it is necessary to look into the matter closely and see some of the requirements necessary to adapt the husbandman to the present condition of things. Before considering the necessary requirements of the farmer let us look at the condition of things as we find them in actual life.

The soil is perhaps the most perplexing subject that confronts the farmer of to-day. Our tillage land has been under cultivation from 75 to 100 years, and has in nearly every instance been depleted of its virgin strength, and consequently it fails to produce maximum crops. It is a problem the farmers are trying to solve—how to increase the productiveness of their farms—but the problem remains unsolved. It may verily be said that a "condition of things confronts us and not a theory." Another thing that affects the farmer, adversely as often as otherwise, is the markets.

For more than twenty years the general tendency of prices has been downward. The small margin of profits that the farmer once realized has vanished, and he is left at the close of the year no better than he was at its commencement. His soil depleted of its virgin strength, with over production of all farm crops, deprives the husbandman of all profit. After looking at the causes that have led to the present state of things, it would seem but natural to seek a remedy. It looks like presumption to stand at the threshold of inquiry and seek a remedy, when so many of the brightest minds have failed to prescribe a course of treatment that has been beneficial to our fellow farmers. It may be that no radical change can be brought about. Rather it seems that if success is to crown the labors of the husbandman in the future it must come slowly. The great changes in nature come often times almost unobserved. Public sentiment is molded little by little; it seems as though it were a process of evolution. So the change in our farm life for the better may be as slow as the molding of public sentiment or the quiet changes in nature.

Perhaps a few suggestions may not be out of place in relation to the course in life that the farmer may pursue to achieve success. We suggest that the farmer of to-day, who determines to win in the face of all obstacles, must be a man of study and thought. His profession must be studied as thoughtfully as that of the law, medicine or the ministry.

The silphoid methods of former years will not win success to-day. The husbandman must study his soil to know its character and needs and adapt his farming so as to meet existing condition of things. A thorough course in agriculture is one of the needs of the farmer to-day. A large store of agricultural knowledge will have a strong tendency to help him succeed. Every farmer should be a specialist, in fact, a scientist in his profession. We need not expect to change the condition of things by legislative enactments to any great extent. Our hope lies rather in adapting ourselves to the condition of things and overcoming the obstacles by a superior system of farming.

For the Maine Farmer.

### OUR LABOR TROUBLES.

Education the Cause; Retrenchment in Education and Advancement in Agriculture the Only Cure.

BY F. L. LEEZEY.

There has been said to be a great many people in this country out of employment and on the verge of starvation; Coxie has estimated them, with his proneness to exaggeration, at 15,000,000. An old actress died a few weeks since in Brooklyn of starvation; but no other actual cases have been published, although it is very possible that strikers in various parts of the country and others out of employment have felt the pinches of want. Taking all these starvation declamations at their word, however, it is my

purpose here to show a plan by which they all may be duly relieved and the menace they bring to the inhabitants of our civilized centers be done away with.

Some years ago the Indians were a perplexing problem on our Western frontiers. Life and property were insecure, and it was felt that the progress of that section would be materially stopped unless something could be done to check the red man's ravages and give the pioneers of that country some assurance of peace. Various plans were suggested—among them extermination—and it was finally resolved to put them upon reservations, teach them white men's methods of living and supply their wants until they were sufficiently taught to help themselves. The cost of the plan seemed to make it beyond practicability, and the undertaking seemed to be a momentary one. It has been duly tried, however, and success has duly followed. Money, backed by power, and guided by wisdom did it. Nobly now laments the sacrifice, and the Indian problem has been comparatively settled.

Now we have the same situation confronting us with our own white citizens, not on the prairies of the West, but in the very centers of our highest civilization, education and progress. The terror that runs through the veins of all at the rising of each alarm from strikers is something akin to the terror felt when the old war whoop of the savage bespoke the coming of the tomahawk and scalping knife. There is no disguising it—it is so. Let us dismiss this terror in the same way as we have the terror of the red man. Let us be generous with money, firm with power and considerate with wisdom. Let us, at least, propose to our discontents in good faith and see if they will not gladly accept. They are not too far gone to yield to the dictates of good common sense. Few do, as yet, want to see that anarchy, whose motto is, "Let every man do whatever he chooses," and whose conclusion is that the strongest suppress the weakest.

If the discontents of our country were scattered throughout it with some uniformity it would be the proper thing to propose that the national government undertake the colonization of its discontents on some of its own agricultural lands, which are said to exist now only in the South; but inasmuch as some states, principally those of the South, are almost entirely free from the howl of the discontented striker and anarchist, it is proper that every State should provide for its own discontents. The provision is agriculture. Let some of the cheap lands of every state be bought by the respective states and let all the discontented be invited to go thereon and apply themselves to agriculture according to their abilities. Let the state supply all their necessary wants until they are self supporting. Let them live in large, communistic houses, or in smaller tenements, as may be elected. Let them know that they are going there not as convicts, or not as beneficiaries merely, but as free citizens, intending to accept state assistance toward getting back into the natural occupation of man—agriculture.

Our country has educated its masses away from agriculture with city life, shops and factories. When financial depressions, overproduction or other causes conspire to shut down temporarily these sources of sustenance, then the country has thrown upon it the discontent we see. In agriculture there can never be too much produced; its productions are slow and constant and are ever on hand to ward off starvation and to clothe the naked. These are the wants that must be supplied when a people are in the straits that our masses are alleged to be in at present. The country can live and prosper if it never sees what the strikers of Chicago have been fighting for concerning the manufacture of Pullman cars. If the manufacture of all such superficial articles as Pullman cars brings every now and then starvation to the doors of the workers—make rich men richer and poor men poorer—the only lesson to be learned is that they are a curse instead of a blessing, and that the masses must betake themselves to those substantial sources of sustenance where like the mills of the gods, they are slow but exceeding sure. If such were the tendencies of the masses, the Pullmans of our country would then be the ones seeking the employes, and the latter would not be the cringing slaves that they now are. The cost of the late Chicago strike would have set up in agriculture, very probably, all the strikers of the State.

Let the cost be what it may it is the only settled remedy for present disorders. If we want to continue on until a revolution of inconceivable proportions has to be brought upon us to work out a salvation we will not otherwise accept, then let us go on just as we are going. The anarchist will clap his hands in glee, and we will see what we will see. What was our civil war but a process through which slavery was to be abolished? Does not every one see it in that light now? If John Brown (whose memory a fine monument is being raised) had started to stump the South in advocating that the government

[CONTINUED ON FIFTH PAGE.]











# Maine Farmer.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.  
For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-  
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-  
quent insertion.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICES.  
Mr. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our sub-  
scribers in Franklin County.  
Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our  
subscribers in Hancock and Waldo counties.

The political campaign in this State is  
now on, and the parties are getting com-  
fortably warmed up. There will be no  
brass band campaign about this.

Philadelphia spends almost as much  
money on her Mayor as she does on her  
baseball team. Mayor Stuart's salary is  
\$12,000 a year.

The Androscoggin Valley Association  
Fair will be held at Canton, Oct. 2d, 3d,  
and 4th. The time has been changed so  
as not to conflict with the dates of the  
county fair.

The Board of Agriculture in London  
has published the official documents con-  
cerning the importation of Canadian  
cattle. Mr. Gardner, the president of  
the board, has decided that the pro-  
hibition must stand.

It was Gen. Sheridan who once pre-  
dicted that the time was not far distant  
when war would become so horrible  
that nations would settle their differ-  
ences without its dread arbitrament.  
Gen. Sheridan may have foreseen the  
pneumatic dynamite gun.

We have received the premium list of  
the fair of the Lincoln Agricultural and  
Horticultural Society, which will be held  
at Danversville Driving Park, Sept. 15th,  
16th and 20th. The list is a good one,  
just such as is always guaranteed by this  
old and reliable society.

The Maine Farmer office at the State  
Fair Park, near the entrance, will be  
open next week during the continuance  
of the exhibition, where at all times the  
editorial and reportorial force may be  
found. All subscribers and others in-  
terested in the mission of the Farmer  
are invited to call.

According to the bureau of mortgage  
statistics, the number of mortgages re-  
corded in 1889 was 1,298,000 against  
645,000 in 1880, an increase of ninety per  
cent. At the close of the ten years there  
were nearly five million mortgages rep-  
resenting an indebtedness of six thou-  
sand million dollars. Nearly two-thirds  
of the mortgages are on urban real es-  
tate. The total yearly interest upon the  
mortgages is nearly four hundred million  
dollars, while the average rate of inter-  
est varies from five and a half per cent.  
in New York and Massachusetts to over  
ten per cent. in the far West, an average  
of 6.00 per cent.

The arrival in New York of the Eng-  
lish Anarchist, Charles Wilfred Mow-  
bray, was as secret and quiet as his de-  
parture last Wednesday. Mowbray did  
not find Anarchy a paying business in  
this country. When he came here he  
expected to find a fiery path prepared  
for him, but he was disappointed. In  
addition to the fact that there was little  
to encourage him to spread his doctrines,  
he met with the opposition of Herr Most  
and a few others. His departure should  
be the signal of an exodus of these con-  
spirators against good order and good  
government. There is no room in the  
United States for any such cattle.

It was suggested at the meeting of the  
the Postal Union held in Paris in 1879  
that all countries should have stamps of  
about the same value printed in uniform  
colors, the advantage of this system be-  
ing that uniformity would simplify mat-  
ters for the strangers within the country  
who know little of the money or lan-  
guage. This suggestion has never been  
followed, but the new issue of  
stamps now being prepared by the gov-  
ernment is likely to conform to it. The  
stamps most often used are the ones,  
two and five, and is true elsewhere as  
in this country. The colors decided up-  
on at the Postal Union were green for the  
ones, red for the twos, and blue for the  
fives. The suggestion seems a good one.

A Doctor of Divinity in New York is  
guilty of the following, taken from a  
sermon lately delivered. "Did you ever  
read in the Bible of a woman being in  
heaven? No? Well, there is a woman  
there now, or ever shall be. They will  
go back into their original state whence  
they were taken by the Creator. When  
Christ said that there were  
no marriages in heaven, but all  
should be as the angels, I believe He  
meant that there were no such creatures  
as women in that world of blessedness  
and song. Women are made for the  
glory of man, and man for the glory of  
God." It is to be hoped that this man's  
mother died before this base slander on  
womanhood was perpetrated. The man  
who would give utterance to such a  
sentiment deserves tar and feathers.

Scientific men who have looked into  
the subject have been favorably im-  
pressed by the experiments made in the  
treatment of diphtheria by the anti-  
toxin method discovered by Dr. Koch.  
Dr. Cyrus Edson pronounces it one of the  
most important discoveries of modern  
medicine. This claim seems to be justi-  
fied by the results thus far attained, but  
further tests will doubtless be required  
to demonstrate the precise value of the  
discovery. The theory on which the  
treatment is based is simple, the purpose  
being to neutralize the diphtheritic  
poison. Dr. Edson is so impressed by  
the bacteriological examinations made  
in the Health Department's laboratory  
in New York that he will endeavor to  
secure an appropriation of \$50,000 for  
carrying on the work of preventing  
diphtheria.

## A STILL DAY IN AUGUST.

Did you ever stand in the temple of  
Nature, amid a silence so intense that it  
could almost be felt? The lake that was  
lashed to fury in the morning, over  
which the white caps madly danced, has  
now scarcely a ripple to disturb or  
wrinkle its mirror-like placidity. The  
lone fisherman's skiff stands out promi-  
nently, and you can hear the splash of  
the captured fish as the victim comes to  
the landing net—not the fish that grows  
steadily from two to fifteen pounds from  
the time it is caught to the time the  
story is told about it in the busy marts  
of trade—but the honest fish of com-  
merce.

The air is so quiet that conversation  
in a subdued tone is easily understood  
at a distance of more than a mile. The  
rattle and clatter of a disjunct farm  
wagon, as it bowls down a distant hill,  
is as easily distinguished. A farmer  
way over in an adjoining township raises  
an axe to prepare some kindlings to  
start a fire under the tea-kettle, for the  
frugal evening meal. Each crash jars  
unhappily upon the ear. Even the  
bee's song, in its meandering for its  
store of sweets, seems like the music of  
a well trained orchestra amid the pro-  
found and almost oppressive stillness.  
Even the cricket's chirp is piercing,  
quite startling us as it comes from the  
side of the decaying log on which we  
are seated. The grasshoppers, full of  
the luxuries gathered from green fields  
and pastures, jump with unwonted  
stupidity and carelessness, as though in-  
viting us to capture them for bait on our  
next fishing excursion. But the offer is  
declined with thanks, as the fish do not  
now take kindly to grasshoppers.

The stillness seems to settle like a  
benediction upon the browning fields  
from which the harvests have been  
gathered. After the active, stirring  
days, the hush has come, as though  
Nature were getting ready to take a  
new hold. Just as the brain and  
muscle of the tired ones of earth must  
have seasons of rest and recreation, or  
the terrible strain will snap in sunder  
the vital chord, and the "pitcher will be  
broken at the fountain" indeed.

There are moments in this charming  
day when we listen in vain for an audible  
sound. Earth and sky seem to be in  
quiet communion, and the golden hours  
resolve themselves into one grand song  
of praise. Men and angels are speech-  
less and passive for the time being.

At all once, however, the silence is  
broken by a good, industrious dame,  
standing in her kitchen door, shouting  
to a distant neighbor, "What sort of  
luck did you have with your butter, this  
morning?" Thus are we suddenly  
brought from the contemplation of the  
sublime in the midst of Nature's still-  
ness, to the intensely practical things of  
life. And, oh! friends, how much of  
our lives are given to the solving of this  
everlasting bread and butter question!  
It salutes us in the morning as we rise  
refreshed and with new resolutions,  
beckons us on to our tasks, and lingers  
with us to disturb our dreams. We can-  
not wholly banish the conundrum even  
in this still day in August.

And do we dream, or is it all reality?  
The lowing of the herds in the distant  
pastures, the tinkling of the cow bells  
as the patient creatures come down the  
gliding swallows build their nests, are  
not discordant or harsh sounds, but are  
as much in keeping with this still day in  
August as the note of the bird, the buzz  
of the honey bee, or the chirp of the  
cricket. "And, oh! the ethereal blue  
of heaven's arch! Did ever thunder  
tempests rage furiously beneath these  
tranquil skies? This scene reminds us  
of the poet's description of "Summer  
Noon."

"The fields are still;  
The husbandman has gone to his repose,  
And, that partaken on the coolest side  
Of his abode, reclines in sweet repose.  
Deep in the shaded stream the cattle stand,  
The flocks beside the fence, with heads all  
prone,  
And panting quick. The fields, for harvest  
ripe,  
No breezes bend in smooth and graceful  
waves.  
While with their motion, dim and bright by  
turns,  
The sunshine seems to move; nor e'en a  
breath  
Brushes along the surface with a shade  
Fleeting and thin, like that of dying smoke.  
The slender stalks their heavy, bending  
heads  
Support, as motionless as oaks their tops."

The many friends of Capt. Lowell J.  
Morse and family of Bangor, will learn  
with deep regret of the death of  
Mrs. Morse which occurred at Fort  
Point, their summer residence, Mon-  
day morning at two o'clock, of passive  
pneumonia, after two weeks' illness.  
Mrs. Morse has been an invalid for a  
number of years, but her death was  
caused by the illness which seized upon  
her two weeks ago. Her age was 74.  
She was a most lovable woman and  
deeply endeared to a large circle of  
friends. She was married to Capt.  
Morse fifty-one years ago, the anniversary  
of their marriage occurring last week.  
Beginning Sunday, September 3, and  
continuing throughout the remainder  
of the season, the steamer "Frank  
Jones" will make two round trips a  
week between Rockland and Machias-  
port, weather permitting, instead of  
three round trips a week as at present.  
The schedule of these trips will be as  
follows: Leave Rockland for Machias-  
port and intermediate landings on Wed-  
nesdays and Saturdays at 6.00 A. M.  
Returning, leave Machiasport for Rock-  
land and intermediate landings on Mon-  
days and Thursdays at 4.00 A. M.

An attempt was made Monday evening  
to burn the grand stand at the Eastern  
Maine State Fair grounds at Bangor.  
A small boy discovered it and the  
fire was extinguished before much dam-  
age was done. A bottle of turpentine,  
cotton waste, paper and matches were  
found. The building had been locked  
up. There were a large number of ex-  
hibits in the exhibition hall. There is  
no clue to the perpetrator.

Senator Gorman's physicians advise  
him to leave for Europe at the earliest  
possible day, not only for the benefit  
of the sea voyage, but for the purpose  
of taking treatment at one of the German  
spas. His health is declared very pre-  
carious.

## MAKING A PREACHER OF HIM.

She was an anxious inquirer for the  
law; wanted to know how his provisions  
would affect a child she had adopted and  
brought up, and who now, though only  
eighteen years old, thought of pushing  
out into the world for himself.

"What trade or occupation is he to de-  
vote himself to?" we inquired.  
"Trade?" she asked, curiously; "Why,  
the critter's goin' to preach! Says he  
has a call from the Lord, and though I  
don't know much about religion, by  
Jingo, I think he's more'n half right.  
He's out somewhere preaching every  
often, and they do say he had lots and  
lots of converts. But I do think there  
is such a thing as carrying this religion  
business too far. I think when I have  
brought him up from a boy, nursed him,  
and tended him through the chicken  
pox, measles, and then things, instead  
of praying and speaking in meeting all  
the time, he ought to do some of the  
chores about the house and help me on  
the farm."

We thought so too, as the hard work-  
ing woman rested her elbows on the  
desk before us, and we saw the hands  
hardened by toil for the boy's sake, and  
the wrinkles wrought on her once fair  
face, partially because of care and anxiety  
for him. Indeed, we thought so, and  
that there were many christian duties in  
the world besides shouting and praying  
and leading meetings.

We inquired if he seemed adapted to  
his chosen work.

"Fits it as a duck's bill does the mud,"  
she replied. "He teased and teased me  
for a long while to let him hold a meet-  
ing at our house. But I tell you, mister,  
I was afraid to—thought likely I should  
be ashamed of him, and that my neigh-  
bors would laugh at me if he made a  
failure of it. But at last I yielded, and  
let him have a meeting. And, sir, you  
ought to have been there! Though it  
was not a pleasant night, the people  
crowded the house, and there they staid  
until after ten o'clock. The little fellow  
prayed like a house afire, and spoke like  
a major; and instead of being ashamed  
of him as I thought I should be, by  
George, I was real proud of him, and  
told him so right before the folks. He  
didn't seem to get excited, but talked  
right on, calm like, and to tell you the  
truth, mister, I couldn't help dropping  
a tear or two myself. Perhaps I have  
been bringing up a minister, but I do  
wish he would stop talking about going  
away, and turn to and help me a little  
on the farm."

And still proud of the boy, the hard-  
working woman turned away with the  
problem unsolved.

## Who Will It Be?

At the close of the annual meeting of  
the State Agricultural Society, last year,  
in accepting a reelection as President,  
Col. Jerrard stated that he wished the  
life members to consider this the last  
year, and come together at their next  
meeting, next Thursday evening, pre-  
pared to select his successor. For four  
years Col. Jerrard has served the  
State Society faithfully and earnestly,  
filling the important positions of Trustee  
and President in a manner not only  
entirely satisfactory to the members, but  
also to the financial condition of the  
Society. Under his wise administration  
the debt has steadily decreased, while  
the character of the yearly exhibitions  
has surely improved. Without being a  
hustler—something considered necessary  
by some—he has kept pace with the  
moving spirit of the times, so that to-day  
the Maine State Fair ranks as one of the  
most complete agricultural and mechan-  
ical exhibitions in the East.

Who will be his successor? A man is  
needed who has a firm grasp on the  
varied business interests of the State,  
closely in touch with its many industries,  
in full sympathy with the spirit of  
progress, one who recognizes the neces-  
sity for amusement as well as instruc-  
tion, and with these one whose business  
qualifications will enable him to guard  
closely the finances as he wisely expends  
for future growth. The society needs  
for its chief executive officer an efficient  
business manager, who recognizes that  
agricultural exhibitions cannot be con-  
ducted on the same plane as ten or fifteen  
years ago, yet will guard against excess  
in any direction. With the gross debt  
far below the value of property held,  
with this property increasing every year,  
with the quality and quantity of the  
yearly exhibitions assured, all that is  
needed is that exhibitors and the public  
be guaranteed the same generous treat-  
ment and round of attractions which  
will characterize the State Fair next  
week, for its hold upon New England to  
strengthen year after year. In view of  
the marked results obtained during the  
past four years, it is to be regretted that  
Col. Jerrard asked to be relieved.

## A Friend of Education.

Mrs. Mary L. Colby, widow of the late  
Gardner Colby, the well known Boston  
philanthropist and millionaire merchant,  
died Tuesday, of heart disease.  
She married Mr. Colby in 1830. Mrs.  
Colby was very active and benevolent  
in religious matters, and for a long  
period was president of the Women's  
Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of  
this country, being honorary president  
of the Foreign Missionary Society at the  
time of her death. She was a worthy  
successor of her late husband, and gave  
generously to many educational and  
religious causes. Her husband, who died  
in 1879, endowed Colby University at  
Waterville, Maine, which bears his name.  
He made large donations to many other  
Baptist institutions, including Brown  
University and Newton Baptist Theological  
Institute. Requests mentioned  
in his will gave over a quarter of a mil-  
lion of dollars in this manner.

## Board of Agriculture.

An evening meeting of the Board of  
Agriculture will be held at the State  
Fair, Lewiston, on Wednesday even-  
ing, September 5, the Board will hold a  
meeting upon the Society's grounds, to  
attend which all who are interested in ag-  
riculture and education are cordially in-  
vited. Prof. W. H. Jordan, Director of the  
Experiment Station at Orono, will deliver  
an illustrated lecture entitled, "Indus-  
trial Education in Maine." Good music,  
under the care of A. R. Smiley, may be  
expected. B. WALKER McKEN, Sec'y.

Augusta, August 27.

## WILL OF HORACE WILLIAMS.

The will of the late Horace Williams  
of Augusta was presented for probate at  
the Probate Court in this city on Mon-  
day. It is estimated that he left an es-  
tate of some two millions of dollars.

The will bears date of January 13,  
1862, and David P. Kimball of Boston,  
Mass., and James Van Deventer of  
Knoxville, Tenn., are named as execu-  
tors without bonds. The following be-  
quests of a public nature, as Mr. Williams  
states in his will, are:

"I give and bequeath to the wardens  
and vestrymen of St. John's church in  
Clinton, Iowa, and to their successors in  
office, in trust, \$50,000, the income of this  
bequest to be applied annually toward  
the payment of the salary of the officiat-  
ing clergyman of that church; also, I  
give to St. John's guild, connected with  
St. John's church in Clinton, Iowa, the  
sum of \$50,000, and I desire that the in-  
come of this bequest shall be used solely  
in providing clothing and food and  
other necessities of life for the poor of  
Clinton."

"I give and bequeath to the 'Shelter-  
ing Arms' of New York city, (an institu-  
tion for the care of destitute children,  
to which I have contributed for many  
years) the sum of \$10,000, to be appro-  
priated in such a manner as the manag-  
ers of that institution shall judge to be  
for its best interests."

"I give and bequeath to the Old Lad-  
ies' Home in Augusta, Me., (an institu-  
tion connected with St. Mark's church  
of that city), the sum of \$5,000, to be ap-  
propriated as the lady managers of that  
institution shall judge to be for its best  
interests."

After providing for the payment of a  
large number of annuities, he makes the  
following bequests:  
To his sister, Harriet S. Fuller ..... \$40,000  
To his sister, Mary S. Edwards ..... \$40,000  
To his niece, Mary S. Fuller ..... \$30,000  
To his nephew, Horace W. Fuller ..... \$30,000  
To his nephew, Arthur N. Edwards ..... \$30,000  
To his nephew, George S. Edwards ..... \$30,000  
To the five sons of his friend, James  
Van Deventer ..... \$10,000  
To his uncle, George S. Edwards ..... \$10,000

Added to the above are numerous be-  
quests to different persons, ranging from  
\$500 to \$3,000.

The rest of his property is left in trust  
mainly for the benefit of the grand-  
children of his sisters, Harriet and Mary.

## Praying for Rain.

Drought in the vicinity of Newburg,  
N. Y., has been very serious. There  
are parts of Orange, Ulster and Dutchess  
counties in which not a drop of rain has  
fallen since May. In these counties the  
crops of corn, oats, potatoes and wheat  
will be the lightest known in many  
years. The fruit crop has also suffered  
very materially from the same cause,  
and there will hardly be any grapes or  
apples.

There is no pasture for cattle, and  
the farmers are compelled to give feed  
to their animals. The water supply at  
Highland, Marlborough and some other  
small towns in that vicinity has almost  
given out. At some of the summer  
boarding houses in Orange and Ulster  
counties men are employed in carrying  
water from three to eight miles. Wells,  
springs and private reservoirs have given  
out. At some of the churches in New-  
burg, Fishkill, Cornwall and Goshen,  
Sunday, pastors prayed fervently for rain.  
Forests were burning near North Be-  
acon.

The continual drought at Tiffin, Ohio,  
has reduced the water in the Sandusky  
river to such a low stage that the fish  
are dying by the thousands and are rot-  
ting upon the rocks of the river bed in  
the heart of the city, a menace to the  
health of the public.

## Death of George G. Stacy.

News was received here, Sunday,  
of the death of Hon. George G. Stacy, who  
was formerly a man of considerable  
prominence in this State. Born at Kezar  
Falls 67 years ago, one of a family of 11  
children, he grew up, studied law and  
politics, an unusual aptitude for  
the profession. In 1859, at the age of 32 years,  
he was elected to the State Legislature.  
He afterwards served as State Librarian  
for 7 1/2 years, was deputy Secretary of  
State for four years, and Secretary of  
State for a similar term.

Mr. Stacy's family now live in Portland.  
Mr. Stacy had been sojourning in the  
Catskills for his health, he having re-  
ceived a shock some time ago, and hav-  
ing been an invalid for some years.

He died at the summer home of J. J.  
Henderson in Stamford, N. Y. His son  
and daughter went on immediately and  
brought the body to the old home at Ke-  
zar Falls, where the funeral occurred on  
Sunday.

## Closing.

This week practically closes the vaca-  
tion season, the days are shortening,  
and although September will give us  
some mild, golden days of beauty, those  
who have been resting for these weeks  
are returning homeward. The wild  
flowers have bloomed and are passing  
out of sight. The brilliant golden rod,  
the last flower of summer, is now in the  
full tide of its glory.

O, golden rod, golden rod, nestling in green,  
A joy to all hearts is thy beautiful sheen.  
O, who could the sunshine's bright treasures  
unfold,  
And leave on the petals such luminous gold?

I bow down my head with my ear to the sod,  
And listen for answer, O fair golden rod,  
A whisper—so gentle it may be the whir  
Of a butterfly's wing, or thy rootlets' faint  
sigh—

In musical cadences softly replies,  
"An angel came down with his wonderful  
And painted, and painted, until, as you see,  
Our faces are golden as golden can be."

Congress adjourned and went home  
Thursday. There were few members pre-  
sent at the close. The tariff bill was sent  
to the Department of State with the  
following note: "The following named bill  
having been presented to the President  
on the 15th and not having been returned  
by him to the House of Congress in which  
it originated within the time prescribed  
by the constitution of the United States,  
becomes a law without his approval."

The indications are that a new hotel  
will be built on Squirrel Island next sea-  
son. It seems demanded by those who  
resort there, who are not the lucky own-  
ers of cottages. The hotel will be much  
larger than the Chase House that was  
burned last season.

## EASTERN MAINE FAIR.

The Eastern Maine State Fair opened  
on its extensive grounds at Maplewood  
Park in Bangor, Tuesday morning.

The buildings have been put in the  
best of condition and brightened up in  
some instances with fresh paint. The  
grounds look neat, clean and attractive.  
The trotting can be carried on under the  
most favorable circumstances.

A big platform with a tall canvas  
covering has been erected just opposite  
the grand stand, near the judges' stand  
for the Imperial Japs, who will give en-  
tertainments there each day.

In the evening they will appear at  
City Hall. They are from the Midway  
Plaisance, World's Fair.

There never was a better exhibit of  
cattle seen in the State than the one  
here. The New England Fair exhibited in Bangor  
owners of stock appeared in such num-  
bers as this year.

The horses are not so plentiful as they  
have been in years past, but there are a  
good number of finely bred animals on  
the ground.

M. T. Pooler & Son have a large string  
of some of their best horses at their usual  
stable at the northeast corner, and Mr.  
Dustin also has some horses for sale.

In the stable of Charles G. Andrews  
of Bangor, was found Naumkeag, one of  
the best stallions in this section of the  
State. Naumkeag is simply on exhibi-  
tion. Dr. Lord, the chestnut gelding  
owned by Dr. J. W. Ellsworth Falls,  
is in Mr. Andrews' string. This fine  
animal has a record of 2.32 1/2.

Another horse in the same stable is  
the brown stallion, 2.59 1/2, Index, by  
Banco, owned by H. L. Cleaves of Sall-  
ivan.

The bay stallion Donald Wilkes  
by Messenger Wilkes, owned by C. W.  
Thompson of Thomaston is among Mr.  
Andrews' horses. He is five years old  
and can strike a very fast clip.

Clod Nelson, the bay stallion by Nel-  
son, is expected to startle some of the  
horsemens of these days. He is a  
green five-year-old and was never tracked  
until a week ago, but since that time  
he has been showing a 2.35 gait easily.

The animal was owned by Postmaster  
Dodge of Carmel.

Dr. Day, a bay gelding by Patchen  
Boy, is another green horse that Mr.  
Andrews says can trot close down to 2.30.

John J. Jones, a bay filly, May  
flower, by Day Dawn, has shown up fast  
this year. Mr. Hurley lives in Frankfort.  
In addition to this string of fast ones,  
Mr. Andrews has five or six well bred  
colts.

Diana, by Harington, owned by H. B.  
Conners of Pittsfield, is one of the horses  
at the fair that is apt to make some of  
the fast ones hustle in the 2.34 class in  
which she is entered. This mare made a  
mile in 2:45 1/2, and a record of  
1:19 1/2, which was by Prince Charles,  
Major Bees two fast ones, Prince Al-  
mont and Jennie Rolfe, are among the  
best horses on the grounds. Jennie  
Rolfe is by Young Rolfe, the sire of Nel-  
son, and made a mark at Fairfield this  
year of 2:28 1/2.

The string of B. F. & F. H. Briggs of  
Auburn, are quartered in a separate  
stable. Among them is one of the  
princes of Maine horses, Gene Briggs,  
by Messenger Wilkes, with a record of  
2:19 1/2, which was by Red Wilkes  
and Warren are also among the Briggs  
horses. Riven Oak by Messenger  
Wilkes is a promising 2-year-old.

One of the fastest stallions on the  
grounds is Edmund, whose record is  
2:17 1/2. He is entered in the 2.14 class.  
Among the horses from Pine Tree Stock  
Farm are Silas, by Nelson, 2:30 1/2; May  
rose, 2:32 1/2; Belleville, by Equator; May  
Dew, 2:54 1/2, and a very promising  
yearling, Oriole.

G. W. Leavitt's stable, of Boston, is full  
of finely bred animals, among them Val,  
by Vasco; Nosegay, by Gen. Washing-  
ton; and Jones, by Prince Charles;  
Parker Gun, by Jay Bird.

H. G. Parsley of Dexter, is at the  
fair with the handsome stallion Albino,  
bred by Albino. Albino has a num-  
ber of colts that have done some remark-  
able work. Mr. Parsley is also exhibiting  
a very nicely put together yearling by Albino.

Let us look at the cattle pens, where  
we find the neat stock in good condition.  
B. F. & F. H. Briggs of Auburn make  
a good show of Jersey cattle. They  
have a string of 13. One of them is a  
Jersey bull, 4 years old, and sired by Colum-  
bus of John Bull, is in fine condition.  
Another of their string is Bangor, Maid,  
dropped four years ago in Bangor. She  
has taken first prize for the past two  
years at both the Maine State and East-  
ern Maine State Fairs.

R. O. Jones of Winslow has eight here.  
One of his sons, Bull, is a showy  
mentor. He was a prize winner at the Maine  
State Fair in 1891 and 1892. He com-  
bines several high breeds. A. P. Rus-  
sell brings a good string of 17 from Leeds.  
John T. Baker, Bowdoin Center, has 17,  
one of which gained first money at  
Lewiston last year.

C. A. Garland of Bangor has 10 Jerseys  
in his stalls. I. T. Carville, Lewiston,  
brought 12 of his best cattle and they  
are all plump and smooth. D. L. Britt  
brought 12 over from Otisfield Gore.  
Columbus Hilton, from Anson, shows  
nine high bred cattle. Clyde G. Blake  
of Oakland, with three pairs of Hereford  
oxen. J. V. Fletcher of Anson, with  
eight high bred cattle. J. G. Blake of Oak-  
land, with 10 head, and R. Scott Larabee  
of Scarborough, all make a good showing.

H. C. Burleigh of Vassalboro brought  
over one of the longest strings. He has  
14, and they are all pretty a show as  
are on the ground. Fat, sleek and well  
cleaned, they show up well beside the  
other cattle. Mr. Burleigh's stock was  
considered the best on the field last year,  
and it surely is not excelled this year.

One of the monarchs of the herd in  
this same string Mr. Libby has a pair of  
heavy oxen and O. W. Rolfe of Deer-  
ing has six oxen, one pair being a prize  
poke. Four plump oxen are in the stalls  
belonging to F. W. Johnson of Freedom,  
while in the adjoining stalls Albion N.  
Clark of Bingham shows seven head.

One pair which belongs to Mr. Clark,  
though only three months old, stand 4  
feet 2 inches high and are in perfect con-  
dition. They were raised and bred by  
the exhibitor.

Eastman Hathorn brought eight prize  
cattle from his farm at Athens. Some  
of them are prize winners. The Howard  
& Ellis' string from Fairfield shows 10  
prize cattle all in fine condition. F. J.  
Libby of Richmond, also has a good  
showing of prize stock. He has 20 on  
exhibition.

A. J. Libby & Co. of Oakland brought  
over the longest string. They have 30  
Herefords, all thoroughbreds. One of  
them is a Hereford bull called Onward  
who is the monarch of the herd. In  
this same string Mr. Libby has a pair of  
oxen which weigh 4700 lbs.

G. M. Growell, superintendent of the



## Items of Maine News.

York Mills at Saco will resume operations September 10, and run on two-thirds time.

The President, Friday, nominated George H. Hanson to be collector of customs, district of Passamaquoddy.

John Hernandez of Portland, cigar dealer, has assigned to Seiders & Chase. Liabilities \$15,000; assets, \$7,000.

The State Normal school began at Farmington, Tuesday, with 125 students, besides 65 in model school departments.

W. S. Humeval has been appointed master at South Danville, vice Mrs. E. Bowie.

James R. Cunningham, Esq., a well-known attorney in Richmond, died of apoplexy Tuesday evening. Mr. Cunningham was about 58 years of age.

W. E. Wyer, a traveling salesman for a Boston boot and shoe house, was found dead in his room in the Hotel Alton, Old Orchard, Tuesday. Death was caused by neuritis of the heart.

John D. Foot, aged 51, a prominent citizen and veteran of the Thirtieth Maine, was found dead in his room at the Hotel Alton, Wednesday night. Death was due to apoplexy.

George F. Sawyer, aged 65, committed suicide at Scarborough, Saturday, by hanging himself in a stable. He has been in poor health for years, having had a long illness.

Charles Welch, the 12-year-old son of Timothy Welch of Saco, was accidentally shot in the cheek late Wednesday afternoon, by Miss Agnes Dearing, who was shooting at a mark with a revolver in a neighboring yard.

J. T. Flanders of Cornville, is making an effort to settle with his creditors. His liabilities are represented to be \$20,000 with assets less than \$4,000. He has been extensively engaged in the egg business for many years.

During a heavy shower in Orrville, recently, the barn of Mr. Foley was struck and badly shattered by lightning and his horse killed. A colt standing in an adjoining stall escaped uninjured.

The wedding of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Know took place at their home in Durham, Monday, August 20. There were eighty-four people present, and they were served an excellent dinner.

Henry Chase, who lives at the eddy, Skowhegan, is reported to have been killed recently by jumping into the Kennebec near his house, and was rescued with much difficulty. Mr. Chase has been ill for a long time, and for several months has been unable to get on his feet.

On the morning of Harrison Springs of Richmond, aged 86 years, stepped in front of passenger train No. 1, and was instantly killed. The man at the crossing came near being killed in trying to get him from the crossing. No one seems to blame the train for crossing man.

The post office and the stores of Ansel Sawyer and Ira Sawyer at Milbridge, were entered by burglars Friday night. None of the safes were opened and no goods were taken. All they secured was a small sum of money and some stamps at the post office.

The Kittery navy yard, in which work was practically suspended by order of Secretary Herbert, about six months ago, is to be started, running full blast soon after September 1. The Lancaster, now at York, will be the first to be refitted.

The corner stone of the Maine State building, brought from the World's Fair, has been laid at Poland Springs. It is expected it will be finished and ready for occupancy by the middle or last of September, when it will be appropriately dedicated.

Bert Allen of Yarmouthville is a cripple, and of late he has been quite dependent. Thursday he attempted suicide by cutting his throat. Luckily he did not cut deep enough, and he was rescued. He is now recovering from his wounds.

Erasmus Redman of Ellsworth, was found dead in his stable Sunday morning. He was a prominent democrat, had been collector of customs and a local political leader for years. His age was 76 years. He was the father of Hon. John B. Redman.

Fred J. Allen, a young lawyer of Sanford, succeeded in compelling Cook and Whitby's circus to pay \$450 to men that had been lured by the circus. He had followed the circus to Manchester, N. H., to do it, and his officers had to devote to stand off the circus.

Frank T. Wells of Mercer stood in front of his bull to adjust a piece of harness, when all at once the bull made a lunge at him and pinned him against a barn with its horns. When Mr. Wells' father rescued his son, Mr. Wells was found to be uninjured, the horns of the bull not penetrating his flesh.

A Brookville lady has lately been tormented by rats, and she decided to get even with them, so she picked up a big club she threw it after them and killed three of the genus *mus*. A pretty good shot for a woman of 82.

Three burglaries were committed in the vicinity of Calais, Monday night. At Red Beach, the Post Office Company's store was broken into and \$100 worth of goods taken. The store of Miss Libbie Hawk was entered, and a quantity of goods and a small amount of money were taken. At Baring, the store and post office of Granville Chase was entered, the safe blown, and \$50 in stamps taken. There was no clue.

Thomas Mansfield, a well-to-do Lewiston business man who at the time was at his country place about four miles south of Auburn, shot his wife and attempted suicide. Neither shot was fatal, and neither are considered injured fatally. The dam to the water to aid in the driving of logs of Moose river and to water to be used in dry times to help the water powers along the Kennebec river.

Monday of this week, Hon. Turner Russell, representing the Coburn estate, and parties representing the Kennebec Water Company, and the Kennebec and Moose river log driving companies, left Fairfield and Waterville for the foot of Long pond on Moose river, where they have in view the building of a dam.

The dam to be constructed for two purposes, to store water to aid in the driving of logs of Moose river and to water to be used in dry times to help the water powers along the Kennebec river.

Just now most of the men, women and children are engaged in picking blueberries and hauling into the Columbia Falls blueberry canning shops blueberries, or at work in the shops helping can them.

Most everyone seems anxious to earn something for a coming hard winter. The berries are coming in quite freely.



Mr. Elias Dewitt

## After the Grip

My son was left weak, stomach and lungs affected, could not eat or sleep. Hood's Sarsaparilla restored him.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

parilla restored his strength and made him better than for years. Hood's Sarsaparilla also cured my daughter of impure blood and large running sores.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient.

some days both shops receive four or five hundred bushels, but that is only when the weather is dry and suitable for picking. There is no more than a fair crop this year, but the times are dull and everybody is after them.

Augustus Prawda, the Yarmouth murderer, who is in the Cumberland county jail awaiting sentence, is a very sick man, and is falling rapidly from some unknown cause. A few months ago he gave up all hope of obtaining his release legitimately and attempted to effect his escape by means of a steel saw which was smuggled into his cell from the outside.

This attempt was frustrated by the watchfulness of the turnkey, and even since that time Prawda has been falling rapidly from some mysterious cause. The symptoms of his disease, if it is a disease, are unknown to the jail physicians, and although eminent medical advice has been sought, the cause of Augustus Prawda's falling health is yet unknown. Is Prawda dying from the effects of some slow poison, self administered? This is the general suspicion of jail officials.

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## STATE OF MAINE.

## Proclamation by the Governor.

The first Monday of September has been designated as a legal holiday, to be known as Labor Day.

I recommend that our people unite in according a proper observance of the day set apart to honor those who have, by their industry and labor, contributed so largely to the advancement and development of our State.

Given at the Council Chamber, at Augusta, this twenty-third day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and nineteenth.

HENRY B. CLEVELAND,  
By the Governor:  
NICHOLAS FRENDESEN, Secretary of State.

## GRANGE NEWS AND NOTES.

A profitable meeting of Penobscot Pomona Grange, No. 10, at East Enterprise Grange, Orrington, Saturday, Aug. 25th. Ten Granges were represented.

The commodious hall was well filled with earnest, interested patrons. The subject was "Matron's influence in the world."

It was ably opened by a paper by Miss Jennie Matthews of Queen City Grange, which was followed by a general discussion. The next meeting will be with Rural Grange, Yezzie, and is the annual meeting, Sept. 22. A full attendance is expected.

LIZZIE M. CARTER, Sec'y.

Field days are the order in Grange circles. East Hebron Grange meets next Saturday, with invited friends, at the home of Bro. Berry. Canton Grange met last Saturday with their fellow members. Bro. Hutchinson. There was a lively company and a good time. Turner Grange held their annual field outing on the 18th, at the orchard farm of Bro. Ricker on Ricker Hill. A dinner was served, and the day was spent in the enjoyment of the beautiful scenery.

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## Poetry.

## SHIPS IN THE DARK.

Ships that sail in the dark;  
And many ships there be  
Which sail the trackless sea,  
Without a light or sound,  
With darkness all around,  
And naught but their course to mark.

Ships that sail in the dark;  
Out on the voiceless deep  
When stars no vigils keep,  
Where heaven's a pall,  
Night's curtains are let fall,  
Black walls are stiff and stark.

From darkness into dark,  
Like arrows shoot their prow,  
Dark waters each keel plow,  
Lost in the trackless way,  
Save compass and their stay,  
Each solitary bark.

Sail on though way be dark,  
All through the night storm  
Speed thee and wait for morn,  
Till curtain of the night  
Sets in the way of morn,  
With call to dismorn.

Ship of the dark, sail on,  
But keep thy course aright  
In darkness as in light  
Thou'lt near the farther shore,  
And with the voyager's cry  
The haven will be won.

—J. B. Smith, D. D., in Watchman.

## LIFE'S USES.

Man looks into the darkness through his tears,  
He looks down the dreary path of years,  
All blinded by this fearful rain.

This problem of existence seems  
Too much for him to understand;  
And so he trembles in the dark,  
But touches God's right hand.

He feels the hand that lifts him higher,  
At last he sees the light of day;  
He hears a voice that says: "Aspire,  
And thou shalt know the right."

Oh human soul in darkness bound,  
Thy chain shall drop away,  
And heaven shall open its wondrous door,  
When sins of earth decay.

And you shall grow to know that life  
Was shaped by good and ill,  
And that the soul climbed to the light  
By climbing up life's hill.

So trusting, toll, and tolling, trust;  
Cling to our Father's hand,  
And from the weakness of the dust  
You'll reach the better land.

—Demosthenes' Monthly.

## Our Story Teller.

## SMUGGING A HA'NT.

All the boys in Wildcat cove believed implicitly in the existence of ghosts. Why should they not when their elders put such perfect faith in genuine "ha'nts"? From generation to generation thrilling tales of ghostly wanderers were handed down as the richest possession of some particular cove or mountain.

A cove in Tennessee is a long, deep valley among the mountains. Wildcat cove, extending away back among the cliffs of the Tennessee mountains, was exactly the place a haunt might be supposed to enjoy. But until Bud Sims and Coon Tabors' memorable encounter on the ledge above Lost creek, no one had ever met the ha'nt of Wildcat cove face to face.

It was just the day for a grand hunt, and Bud and Coon determined to make the most of it. Long before the sun had found its way over the top of Walden ridge, while the morning sky was yet chill and gray, the boys were on their way to the head of the cove.

When they reached the banks of Lost creek the eastern sky was a sea of rippling pink, flecked with soft, dim dashes of changing gold and gray, and by the time they struck the ledge, far over the distant ridge beyond, the sun was rising slowly over the dark mountain and the cloud-mists were rolling up from the valleys.

Half way up the cliff the boys stopped for a moment to rest, for the path was unusually rough and steep. The point which they had in mind was two miles further on, in the range, as the woods were called, or "range" in winter, are called.

Although where the cove was wider it was now quite light, down here in the ravine through which the creek rushed, foaming and rough, to its underground prison beyond, it was only a dim twilight as yet. They had climbed quite a distance already, and below them the waters of the creek roared and rushed. Far above on either side rose the ragged ledges of rock which formed the cliff-lined walls of the cove. Behind the jutting rock where the boys were resting was a narrow passage leading into a deep hole in the cliff.

Genuine mountain boys as Bud and Coon both were, they of course were familiar with every inch of ground for miles around. There was nothing alarming to them in this dark hole; they knew it well. It was only a fissure in the rock, such as could be found in all the limestone cliffs among the mountains, and it extended, so far as they knew; only some thirty feet back from the ledge. It was not wide enough for even a boy to squeeze through with any degree of comfort, and at last grew so narrow that even the curious Coon had been able to go no further.

The boys had always thought that the passage probably led to the underground course of Lost creek; for the waters below suddenly disappear beneath the cliff, and where they appear again has never been discovered.

There was no sound in the ravine except the roar of the waters below. The people in the valley had not begun the day's work as yet, and the fields were quiet and deserted.

Coon broke the silence. Bud was the elder, but Coon usually took the lead.

"Hit air on this ledge as the ha'nts been walkin'." Bud, Old Man Waters seen hit no later'n a Chewyay week."

Bud started involuntarily. "Ef hit war ter appear to we-us now!" he murmured, apprehensively.

"Thet hole thar put me in mind of hit," continued the other. "Old Man Waters, he sez hit come out'n thet hole an' walked over this ledge, an' jest about thutty feet over yan hit jest drapped plumb out'n sight, an' tho' he war a lookin' an' a lookin' fur hit ter come ter sight ag'in hit hed gone fur some."

"Hit air plumb cussed wher hit went," reflected Bud.

"Ha'nts air made of air, I reckon." Coon brought forward his theory with considerable confidence. "An' ef they air made out'n air they can't hurt a human, I low."

There was a peculiar note in his voice that Bud turned around with a long, searching look at him.

"Air y'airin' ter hunt fur the critter?" he whispered, almost trembling to think of the possibility of such a thing as disturbing a ha'nt.

"Ef hit air handy ter do so I ain't ter."

Coon spoke with his usual quiet drawl, but with such deliberate emphasis that the assertion carried conviction to Bud's wondering ears.

"Fur sure, Coon?" Bud was a bit such daring.

"Yes, ef—"

"Yes-as!"

The boys were on their feet in an instant, faced, with dilated eyes, toward that yawning fissure.

Back there, in the darkness, swayed a ghostly, grayish figure.

"Yes-as, yes-as!" mocked the ha'nt. Then its horrible, unearthly voice died away in a low mutter, as the darkness closed upon the fading figure.

Bud felt his hair rising with terror, and his tongue clung to the roof of his mouth. He could not speak. Too terrified to stir he gazed, fascinated, at the spot where the angered ha'nt had disappeared.

Coon's face was still a trifle pale, and his eyes were darker than usual; but he tried to steady his voice as he spoke: "Hit war the ha'nt, fur sure, Bud."

"An' hit war a lookin' of ye, Coon. I low hit war powerful mad at ye, fur ain't ter hunt it." Bud's voice trembled, but he was trying to appear indifferent as to whether the ghost was angry enough to attempt to injure them.

"I'm ain't ter hunt hit," Coon persisted. His hair seemed rising still, and his knees felt unsteady, but his resolution did not falter.

Alarmed at such audacity, his comrade tried in vain to turn him from his purpose. Coon doggedly resisted. Bud finally desisted in sheer despair, and the boys were silent for awhile.

Let's smudge him out, Bud," Coon said, at last, in a low whisper.

Bud turned around in horror at such daring irreverence.

"Smudge out a ha'nt!" he gasped. "D'y'e ast, Coon? What'll hit do ter ye, d'y'e reckon?"

"I low we-us mought jest 'sperimint on hit, anyways," Coon returned, deliberately. "Ye see, nobody knows jest what a ha'nt mought take hit inter his head ter do. But we-us mought 'sperimint, an' mebbe hit mought do some good."

"Hit mought blast the craps."

"Well, hit mought, but ag'in hit moughtn't. We-us mought know fur sure ef hit war thar-away then."

"Hit mought kill us dead," Bud ventured, dismally.

"I'd like mighty well ter jest know fur certin' what a ha'nt would do," persisted Coon. "Granny's allers a-tellin' about er seeing on 'em, an' nary a word about 'em-a-doin' nothing, unless hit war skeerin' somebody mighty nigh ter death. An' I ain't skeery," suggestively, "ef hit air anything else."

"Naw, an' I ain't, neither. Well, we-us kin do hit, mebbe."

Bud sighed; but heroically determined to follow where his friend might lead.

"An' hit would be mighty satisfakin' ter know jest what a ha'nt war made of, an' jest what he war obligated ter do," Coon again asserted.

In spite of his deliberate manner he was a plucky little fellow, utterly fearless where ha'nts were not concerned, and of too inquiring a turn of mind to take the world on others' hearsay.

"Ef we-us war kil't, hit would happen some time, anyways," Coon decided, philosophically; and Bud, too, was ready for the experiment.

The gray light was giving way to the warmer tints of day, and far down in the valley were now the sights and sounds of everyday life. The boys' courage revived under these influences.

Coon unfolded his plan. The hunt on the mountain was given up at once; more important work was now on hand. The only exit from the cave was this ledge, and Coon was to guard it while Bud crept around the rock to a narrower part. In former hunting excursions the boys had often "smugged," or smoked out, the coons that had taken refuge in the hole.

While Coon stood ready with his gun at the entrance to meet the ha'nt if it should flee from the smoke.

"Ther ain't a critter nor yet a human ez kin endure the smoke," Coon argued. "Mebbe a ha'nt kin; but we-us kin find out fur sure this a-way."

It was some time before Bud could get a good fire started at the mouth of the smaller hole; for it was slow work gathering dry leaves and twigs to feed it with, as the climbing was so rough and steep. But at last he had gathered a good-sized pile on the narrow ledge. Taking out a flint arrowhead and a piece of punk from his trowers' pocket, he laid the two together and struck the blade of his jackknife sharply across them till he had obtained the needed sparks.

A moment more, and the leaves began to burn.

"Coon, ay-w, Coon!" he called, softly, peering around the jutting rock, holding firmly by one brown hand.

Coon was waiting patiently at the mouth of the cave; he started forward as Bud's shaggy head appeared around the corner.

"Air hit there?" he gasped, breathlessly.

"Not yet," Bud responded. "Thet war why I called ye. Hit come over me, if hit warn't a human, hit mought come outen a hole no bigger'n the smudge hole. But I kin git a-holt of hit ef it does, I reckon," with grim courage. He crept back to his fire.

The smoke had penetrated the furthest recesses of the fissure, and was now beginning to issue from the opening which Coon was guarding. He coughed now and then, but manfully stood his ground, hoping every minute for the appearance of the ghost. He wanted the matter settled. His gun was leveled at the center of the fissure.

"Se-se-sat!" scratch, scratch, and another such unearthly yowl, as had greeted them once before. It came from the larger mouth of the hole. Bud scrambled around the corner just in time to see Coon drop his gun and desperately clutch at something which looked like the grayish ghost they had seen before. Then ha'nt and boy had rolled over and over, looked in death-like grip, over the ledge and down into the rushing, roaring waters of Lost creek.

The creek was almost a whirlpool here, for not far away it swept in a circling flood down into its grave under the mountain. It was a dangerous place at any time. Coon was in the wildest of death-grip now, and could not have freed himself, even had he dared to loose his hold on the creature's throat.

But Bud was no coward. Much as he feared ha'nts he could be absolutely fearless in ordinary circumstances; and in that moment on the brink of the ledge he had recognized the ghost.

The instant the combatants rose to surface, Bud was kneeling on the ledge, with his old gun aimed unerringly. In that instant he fired. Then, dropping swiftly down hand over hand, by the bushes and the trees, he reached the bank and plunged in to rescue the almost exhausted Coon. When Bud had finally drawn him to the shore, Coon was still grasping the dead wildcat. The boy's face was covered with blood, and both face and hands were badly scratched, but there was no serious injury. Bud pulled the dripping hero up on the bank silently, and washed away the blood-stains.

"Hit come mighty nigh killin' ye, Coon," he said at last, vainly striving to keep the tones of his voice from trembling. "The boys had been friends all their lives and loved each other with a love as strong as was David's and Jonathan's of old. But mountain boys say even less of what lies nearest their hearts than boys elsewhere."

Although both hearts on the bank of Lost creek that day were full of the thought that they had faced death together but a moment before, Coon made no answer. In his heart, however, he registered a silent vow that he would never forget how Bud had saved him at the risk of his own life, and Bud was proud of his own life, and bravely his comrade always was, and mentally determining always to stick by him.

Lost creek rushed on. A buzzard was circling far above the pine trees on the opposite cliff. Coon shivered slightly; if he had gone down in those waters! And that buzzard! He was glad it could never pick his bones. That lame little sister, Mary Ann, down in the cove, would have watched in vain for his coming, but Bud. He turned the dead wildcat over. It was an unusually large one. The creatures had seldom been known to come so far down on the mountain in these later years.

"Ef a ha'nt air a human dead s'eady, a gun couldn't make hit no deader," Coon argued, reflectively. "But mought a gun make hit all-uns dead ter fight with. I low that the only way ter do in this world's jest ter make er what a body does know, let hit run up ag'in the thing what he know. We-us done the best thing, I low," he concluded, philosophically, "fur we-us."—Jean Halifax, in N. Y. Independent.

## SWAM TWENTY MILES.

On a pleasant morning in summer some fifteen years ago a little schooner, called her moorings at Laupahoehoe, Hawaii, and started on her voyage to Honolulu. So small was the little craft that her only crew was one slender girl, the daughter of the captain. She had been sailing with her father since she was so small that he had to place a box for her to stand on when he wished her to hold the wheel while he handled the sails by chance any change of course was necessary.

Kalihi was about fifteen, a tall, slender girl, whose brown cheek was round and ruddy with the rich blood which leaped through her veins, for Kalihi, having been reared in the open air, most of the time on the broad ocean, was strong and healthy, and well able to do the work required of her on the schooner. When they left Laupahoehoe the sun shone brilliantly, but old Kalamann shook his head and looked gravely toward a bank of black clouds which were piled up high above the top of lofty Mauna Loa. Kalihi cared little for her father's misgivings. She was anxious to get away, for the next day was a holiday, and she wished to reach Honolulu in time to enjoy herself with her companions.

While she stood holding the wheel and keeping the little craft on its course, she was dreaming of the luau to which she had been bidden and thinking of the bright leis which she would weave for her dainty shoulders. Her holoku would be as pretty as any there, and she knew that at least one pair of eyes would see that lei and dress were both worn by a beautiful girl. Dreaming thus, she did not notice the change which was coming over the sky—did not see the white caps, when a heavy rain began to fall, raising swiftly and would soon sweep across the wide channel with resistless force.

The pleasant islands of the southern sea are not always serene and placid. Sometimes the kona winds howling and shrieking down the dark canyons, and every thing before it the ground. When it comes God help the hapless craft which is in its road. God only can help, for the blows which the wind and waves deal upon the tossing, writhing vessel are heavy enough to drive it bodily beneath the waters.

Kalamann had neither holoku nor lei on that day. A wall of white water rose high above the side of the vessel and dashed down upon the deck, drenching the girl to the skin.

With the shock she came back to the present, and, looking around, saw that what but a short time before was a smooth, placid stretch of blue water was now a foaming, raging sea, dashing its waves high above the low rail of the schooner. The whistling and howling around her ears. She could scarcely hear her father as he shouted his orders to her from a few feet distant. Filled with terror, she kept the vessel on its course, but only by the exertion of her whole strength.

Louder and louder roared the wind, and higher yet climbed the waves. The sun still shone brightly above her head, seeming to make the scene more frightful than it would have appeared beneath a cloudy sky. A kona may blow for days and it may pass in an hour. Their only hope was that this one had arisen so suddenly that it would subside as quickly.

Kalamann watched the black cloud which had first given him warning of coming trouble, and saw, to his joy, that it was passing away. Evidently the kona would not last many hours, but could the little vessel, built for sailing on a summer sea, stand that terrible wrenching and twisting even for that short time?

She was now and reasonably strong, but the blows she had suffered might well have destroyed a stronger vessel.

He could only hope for the best and hold on to the rail until the wind fell. He had done all that was possible to save his vessel. God must do the rest. The wind was surely sinking, the waves did not rise so high above his head. The worst was over and he turned his head to speak to the girl, who still clung to the wheel.

Then came a crash. An immense wave had broken over the stern, filled the little hold and the little schooner was sinking under their feet.

Kalihi was as much at home on water as on land, like all Hawaiians, and as soon as she caught her breath she rose in the water and looked about for something to aid her in her fight with the sea, and for her father, for whose safety she had no fear. But she saw him slowly sinking beneath the angry waves. He had been injured by a blow from something as the water dashed across the deck, carrying whatever loose articles still remained on the deck.

Swimming swiftly to his side, Kalihi caught hold of him and raised his head above the water. He was not insensible, and in a few moments was able to support himself on the water, but he had been injured so severely that he was unable to swim.

They were at least twenty-five miles from land, alone on the tossing sea, without even a broken oar to assist them, and she, a helpless girl, must do what she could to save not only her own life, but her injured father. Kalamann had put on his holoku coat and his sea boots when first the waves began to break above the rail, and these aided to his weight.

Kalihi knew that she could never hope to keep him afloat so wet and cold. The coat and boots must be removed. The man could move his arms freely, and she assisted her in removing the heavy coat. Then she dove down behind him, and after many attempts succeeded in getting the boots off.

Then she started to swim back over the course they had sailed that day. Think of it! Alone, twenty-five miles from land, with the sea tossing, tumbling waste of water. She determined to swim to land, and not only to swim to that distant land, but to carry with her the almost helpless old man.

The wind had died entirely away and the sea was rapidly subsiding. That much was in her favor. Then, too, she knew the next morning the steamer Like-Like would cross the channel on her way from Hilo to Honolulu. If she could keep afloat, could she the steamer, could make those on board see her, then she might hope for rescue. Keeping her eyes fixed on the distant mountain, she swam on, and, sometimes towing her father by his arm thrown across her shoulders, sometimes pushing him forward with her breast and using both arms, sometimes holding him with one hand and swimming with the other.

Hour after hour passed. She became exhausted, and, turning upon her back, floated for a while to rest her strained arms and shoulders; then again she swam on, on toward that dim speck against the darkening sky which she knew was mighty Mauna Loa. That must be her landmark until she came near enough to the shore to see the lower land. No matter what point she reached, only the solid land, no matter whether near or far from her starting point.

Night fell; but, watching the stars, she kept her face turned toward the place where, miles away, lay the longed-for land.

Kalamann, while day lasted, was able to hold his head above the waves, but soon after nightfall he became too weak to do even this. Finding that he was failing he floated to rest her back, floated for a while to rest her back, floated for a while to rest her back, floated for a while to rest her back.

She refused; both or neither should reach the land. Together they would meet their fate, good or evil. When he became too weak even to keep his face above water she tore a strip from her single garment and tied it so as to keep his head on her shoulders. On and on she toiled.

Night passed, morning came and found her, with aching arms and shoulders, still swimming, slower now, toward the distant shore. Up came the sun, and the tortures of heat were added to her sufferings. Her arms, face and shoulders were blistered by the scorching rays until the touch of the salt water was agony. Still she pressed on. Now came, nearly twenty-four hours since she began that long fight against death.

An hour passed and still no succor. No sign of a steamer or other vessel, and the distant mountain seemed as far off as ever. For the first time the heroic girl began to despair. She felt that she was growing weaker. Nothing had passed her lips since the morning when she began to swim. She was growing faint, and wondered if she had not best give up the battle; but not yet, and again she pressed on. Her father had not moved for some time, and she did not know if he still lived, but dead or alive, if she reached the shore she would bring him with her.

The steamer Like-Like left port on that morning two or three hours later than usual, owing to delay caused by the gale the day previous. Straight out into the channel she steamed. About three o'clock in the afternoon the man on watch called to the officer of the deck that he saw some strange object a little ahead of the steamer. Asked what it looked like, he said he thought it was a strange animal, but that it was surely alive, as he saw it move from time to time.

All hands watched for a glimpse of the object which had been reported, and in half an hour they were near enough to see it from the deck and to recognize it as a living being. A boat was quickly lowered and rowed rapidly to the side of the object. They found a native girl with an apparently dead man tied fast to her body swimming feebly away from them. With a stroke of the oars they overtook her and grasped her to raise her into the boat. She did not seem to know that they were near her and still strove weakly to swim away from them, but strong hands lifted her up and laid her down in the bottom of the boat. At first they thought the man was dead, but when they reached the steamer's deck he was still faintly breathing, and in the hands of a skillful physician he was brought to his senses.

But more interest was felt in the poor girl than in him. When she had left Laupahoehoe the morning before was a beautiful girl. When lifted to the steamer's deck she was burned and blistered, face, neck and arms, until the raw flesh looked like nothing human.

Her hair was filled with salt crystals

and matted and knotted so that before they could do much for her they were obliged to cut it off. But she was alive, and more than that, she had saved her father's life also. When the steamer reached Honolulu both were in a way to recovery. Kalihi was the heroine of the day.

From the place where the schooner sank to where the steamer picked the castaways up was twenty miles in a direct line. Of course the girl had not kept a direct line, and had covered much more distance than that.

When Kalihi recovered her strength her father was able to be up, and in a few weeks both were as strong as if they had not passed through that terrible battle with the waves.

Kalihi still lives, but she has never been on the sea since that disastrous voyage. She has lost her nerve, and now reads the water worse than a person who never learned to swim. But she is still pointed out to strangers as the girl who swam twenty miles and carried her insensible father the greater part of the distance.—San Francisco Call.

## THE BITE OF A COBRA.

"I wonder what sort of a sensation it is to be bitten by a cobra and know that one must die in a half hour or so?" dried out Capt. Gordon, as he puffed lazily at his cheroot on the veranda of the One Hundred and Ninth Hussars' mess at Fyzabad.

It was after the mess dinner and the regimental band had bagged their instruments and gone silently away into the hot stifling night. Half a dozen officers were reclining in long-sleeved chairs, their feet up on the arms and "pegs," with plenty of ice, standing in long glasses like grim sentinels, to keep the demon thirst away.

"Well, I know exactly how it feels," chimed in Bings—Bings, "the stoic," as he was called—was with an earnestness that fairly took away Gordon's breath.

"Yes," added the new speaker, "I have been there," as they say, but language cannot convey the full horror of the feeling. It was years ago, when I first came out to join, and we were stationed in Burmah. I was on special duty out in the jungle, and where we were located was the snakes' paradise. Hardly a day passed that we did not kill one or more either in or about the bungalow. It was a continual cry of 'Sampah, sahib' (a snake, sir), with a regular clearing out of all the servants.

"It really seemed that all the poisonous snakes in India had agents doing business in that part. Immense boas, serpents, devils, vipers, vicious asps and adders, and now then a cobra, choker, full of sight. No man ever got put to bed by a cobra without giving them a good shake first, and even clothes were inspected at arm's length."

"I received a rare shock one day—a sort of preliminary canter to the cobra episode I am about to relate. I had just finished my bath and was pulling my banian over my head when a huge centipede lost his hold inside of it and rolled down my back. Ugh! it made my flesh creep to look at the loathsome, poisonous thing."

"Another time I found a cast-off skin of some poisonous snake on the edge of my bed just outside of the monjerie (mosquito curtain), that had been probably slipped off while I slept. 'You will understand that fresh out from home, as I was, all this sort of thing crept into my dreams; sleeping meant one long, continuous nightmare. The bungalow was the usual style of things in Burmah, bamboo and leaves. It was raised some seven or eight feet from the ground on posts; but this only seemed to tempt some snake to guess that he could get in the leaves of the thatched roof. During the dry weather they lived in the ground in holes which a mistaken sort of providence provided for them, and when the big rains set in they were drowned out and came to the bungalow as a nice dry place to live in."

"One hot, sweltering night I was lying in bed asleep and half heat stupor, when I suddenly became aware that a dark, flat object, in which gleamed two spots of malignant light, was moving up along my right leg—just between it and the monjerie. I could just see it over my limb and the blood in my veins simply froze with horror as I realized that it must be a cobra, a cobra, a cobra. The body of the serpent was evidently in the bed and the head elevated just enough to watch my face. A queer constrictive sort of feeling shot up and down my scalp and the hair stood out straight, I am sure."

"There are no words in which I can convey the slightest idea of the full conveyance of loathsome horror which took possession of me and turned me sick with the intensity of its dreadfulness when I recognized that I was shut up in that curtain with, and completely at the mercy of one of those death-dealing fiends. I dared not move a muscle—to call out meant death, for we were surrounded by fear and anger—'Sir, that is my daughter!' Griscom (quickly)—'As I was about to say, the developed and matured vocalization of a Patti.'—Puck.

**Young Girls' Sensitiveness.**—and modesty often puzzle their mothers and baffle the physician.

They withhold what ought to be told. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saves young girls from the dangers of organic disturbance.

It relieves suppression, retention, or irregularity of menses. Nature has provided a time for purification. If the channels are obstructed, the entire system is poisoned and misery comes.

What will cure the mother who will cure the daughter—their organism is the same.

some girl had given him—was causing from the next room 'Who is there? who is there?' and the whole bungalow was soon in a turmoil. Cold drops of perspiration rolled down my forehead, and my face was like the face of a dead man, Brown said, when he went into his room where he had a light.

"Have you seen a ghost?" he asked.

"Worse than that," I replied. "I have been bitten by a cobra."

"Nonsense, man," he ejaculated, "you have been dreaming," but his face was ashy pale now, too.

"Here are the marks of his fangs," I said, as I bared my thigh; and there, sure enough, were two tiny punctures and a drop of blood oozing from one.

"There could be no doubt about it now—his light had swept away the last vestige of hope. All that remained to do was to make a futile effort to stay the deadly poison. Already I could feel a peculiar itching sensation where the lines run from the nose down past the corners of the mouth, and there was a dull, tugging sort of pain in my heart, a feeling as though the blood was being forced through it at an increased pressure. My head was dizzy and my eyes hot and blurred, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could keep my mind from wandering. I could hardly articulate a word, and when I did manage to speak I would say what I did not mean—using the wrong word. It was evident that the poison was beginning to paralyze my brain, and already I felt an almost unconquerable desire to lie down and go to sleep."

"By this time Brown and the others were thoroughly awake to the seriousness of the case, and had started in to do all in their power to save me. Brown was a sort of amateur surgeon, and always carried a small apothecary establishment with him. I saw him whip out a lance and look at me in a questioning way. I nodded, and in an instant he had the piece surrounding the bite out and his lips applied to the gaping wound."

"Here, gentlemen, is the scar," and Bings displayed an ugly looking cicatrice that bore unmistakable testimony to the heroic course of treatment Brown had adopted.

"Young Bings thought me a peg, in desperation that would have me one of those Bengali Baboos who punish a bottle of bazaar brandy, at a single sitting, yell with anguish. He admitted to me afterward that Baloo, the bearer, had told him to give me a strong dose of red pepper and whisky, for it had cured a brother of his once. He had tasted it himself and it was simply liquid fire diluted with whisky, but to me it was only water."

"Giving



## Horse Department.

RACES TO OCCUR IN 1894.

Sac Aug. 29, 29, 30, 31.  
Bangor, Eastern State Fair, Aug. 29-31.  
Bangor, Maine State Fair, Sept. 4-7.  
Bangor, Eastern State Fair, Sept. 25, 26, 27, 28.  
Bangor, Eastern State Fair, Sept. 29, 30, 31.  
Bangor, Eastern State Fair, Oct. 2, 3, 4, 5.  
Bangor, Eastern State Fair, Oct. 9, 10, 11, 12.  
Bangor, Eastern State Fair, Oct. 13, 14, 15, 16.  
Bangor, Eastern State Fair, Oct. 18, 19, 20, 21.

1894. MAINE'S 230 LIST.

Readers will confer a favor by sending in the name of any performer, trotter or pacer, or any other horse, for the purpose of being entered in the list, which will include horses bred in Maine, and also those obtaining a record on Maine tracks.

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the rapid increase in speed every which falls below loses value rapidly unless possessing other valuable characteristics. Thus a 2:30 horse, ill shaped and with bad disposition, capable of going to his record but not more, is worth less than a good cart horse. As the ranks of the 2:30 performers increase, the value of the 2:40 drops. With two-year-olds trotting in 2:12 there must be promise of great speed in others to sell at a profit. For the good road horse the ability to go in 2:40 adds greatly to value, but without this road qualification such a horse won't pay. Coming years will only make more marked the distinction between the road horse and the trotter or pacer. In one the sole qualification is to go and in the other size, intelligence, substance and style will insure a paying price, to be increased rapidly as action is added.

## THE HORSE FAIR AT RIGBY.

Bad weather met the officers at Rigby the opening day, but with a full week's programme there was no chance for delay, and the ball opened with small attendance. The exhibition stock was choice in quality but not large in quantity.

The races the first day, in spite of the

track, gave Rigby a new record, 2:10 1/2.

The summaries were as follows:

2:30 CLASS—TROT—PURSE \$500.

Katie Mac, b. m., by Robert Mc-

Gregor, b. m., by Young Blood, b. m.,

Hollister, b. m., by Young Blood, b. m.,

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Hollister, b. m., by Young Blood, b. m.,

## STATE FAIR RACES.

The Best List of Entries Ever

Presented—225 Horses.

Our State Fair officials are to be con-

gratulated on the complete success at-

tending their efforts this year. To the

surprise of every one the classes have

all filled, insuring great races during the

State Fair next week.

The 2:20 class with seven stallions and

one mare was thought to be the race of

the week, but with seven in the 2:16

class trot, and six in the 2:14 pace, pub-

lic interest divides at once. With the

track in superior shape, as it has been

this season, and will, faster time will

be made than ever before, and more

hotly contested races witnessed. Com-

mencing Monday and continuing until

Friday night, there will be a full measure

of sport daily, with no waits between

heats. Three to four exhibitions will

be given daily by Myrtle Peak and her

twenty horses.

ENTRIES.

Monday, Sept. 3.

Class 1—Trotting. Foals 1893.

Class 2—Trotting. Foals 1894.

Class 3—Trotting. Foals 1895.

Class 4—Trotting. Foals 1896.

Class 5—Trotting. Foals 1897.

Class 6—Trotting. Foals 1898.

Class 7—Trotting. Foals 1899.

Class 8—Trotting. Foals 1900.

Class 9—Trotting. Foals 1901.

Class 10—Trotting. Foals 1902.

Class 11—Trotting. Foals 1903.

Class 12—Trotting. Foals 1904.

Class 13—Trotting. Foals 1905.

Class 14—Trotting. Foals 1906.

Class 15—Trotting. Foals 1907.

Class 16—Trotting. Foals 1908.

Class 17—Trotting. Foals 1909.

Class 18—Trotting. Foals 1910.

Class 19—Trotting. Foals 1911.

Class 20—Trotting. Foals 1912.

Class 21—Trotting. Foals 1913.

Class 22—Trotting. Foals 1914.

Class 23—Trotting. Foals 1915.

Class 24—Trotting. Foals 1916.

Class 25—Trotting. Foals 1917.

Class 26—Trotting. Foals 1918.

Class 27—Trotting. Foals 1919.

Class 28—Trotting. Foals 1920.

Class 29—Trotting. Foals 1921.

Class 30—Trotting. Foals 1922.

Class 31—Trotting. Foals 1923.

Class 32—Trotting. Foals 1924.

Class 33—Trotting. Foals 1925.

Class 34—Trotting. Foals 1926.

Class 35—Trotting. Foals 1927.

Class 36—Trotting. Foals 1928.

Class 37—Trotting. Foals 1929.

Class 38—Trotting. Foals 1930.

Class 39—Trotting. Foals 1931.

Class 40—Trotting. Foals 1932.

Class 41—Trotting. Foals 1933.

Class 42—Trotting. Foals 1934.

Class 43—Trotting. Foals 1935.

Class 44—Trotting. Foals 1936.

Class 45—Trotting. Foals 1937.

Class 46—Trotting. Foals 1938.

Class 47—Trotting. Foals 1939.

Class 48—Trotting. Foals 1940.

Class 49—Trotting. Foals 1941.



